



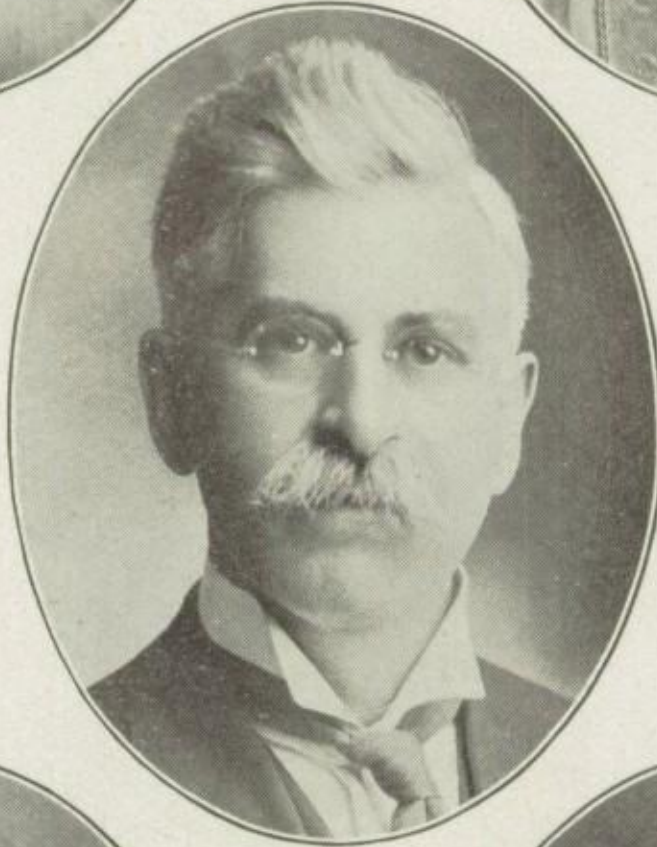
Commencement
Number
1913

P. Campbell

Dedicated to the Memory of
Prof. J. Fred Smith,
Founder of
Campbell Union High School



PROF. IRVING W. SNOW, Principal.



MISS MOULTON
MISS SYKES

MR. LAWRENCE.

MISS CHAMBERLAIN
MR. CRAMER



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Class Motto:
"Always Ready"

Class Flower:
Red Sweet Pea

Class Colors:
Red and Gray

VAUDINE PUTNAM—

"Well, who is this doll?"

—*Longfellow.*

FREEMAN DUNCAN—

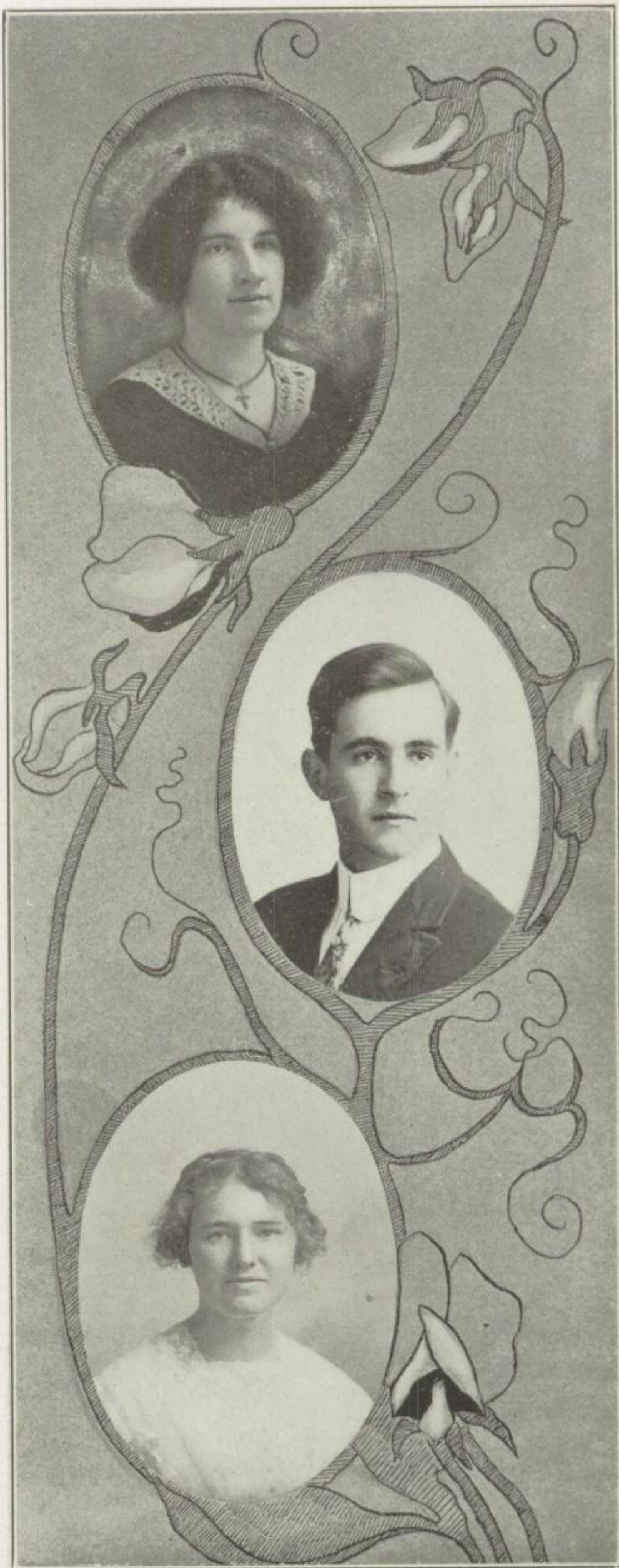
"What do you think of
me?"

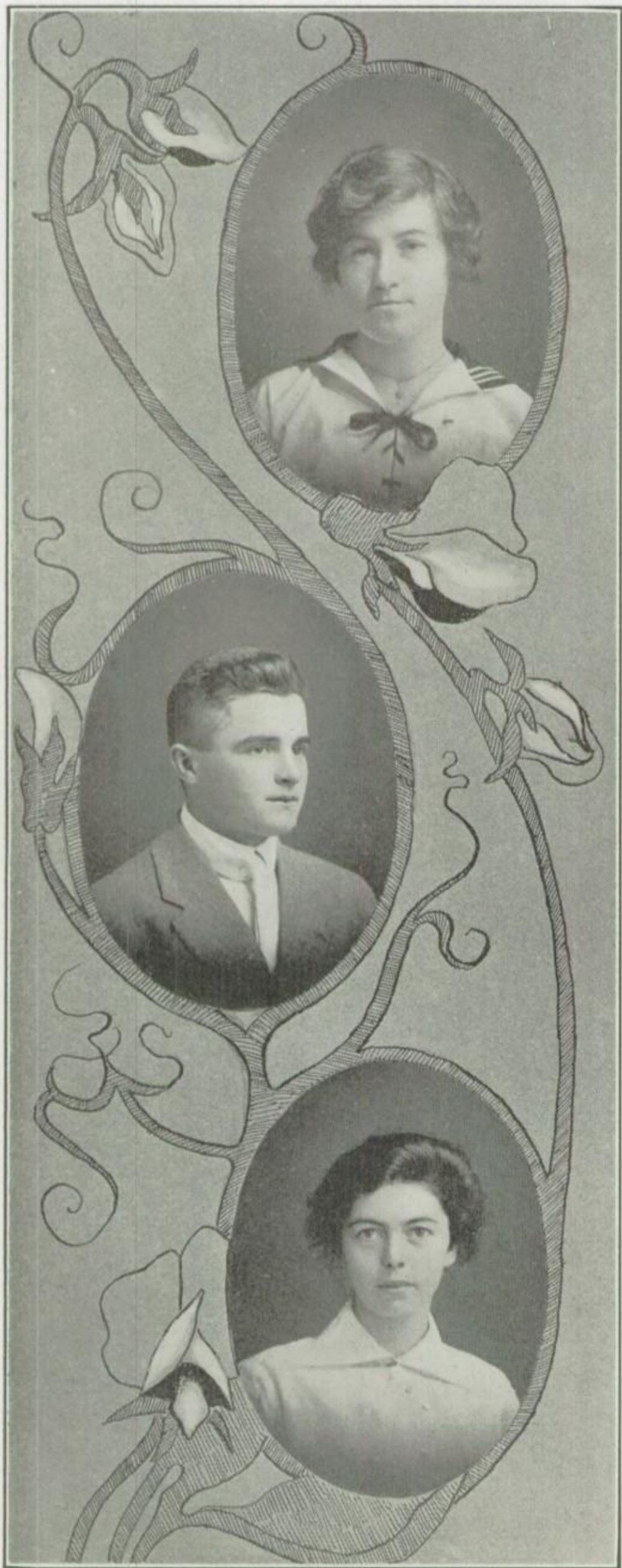
—*Shakespeare.*

ALICE DUNCAN—

"I know it is a sin for
me to sit and grin."

—*Holmes.*





RUTH HAYES—

"Forever to the fight and
chase." —*Scott.*

JOHN WOOD—

"I am in earnest."
—*Longfellow.*

ZADIE RICE—

"Bonny gray eyes, glanc-
ing." —*Cook*

GENEVIA CURRIER—

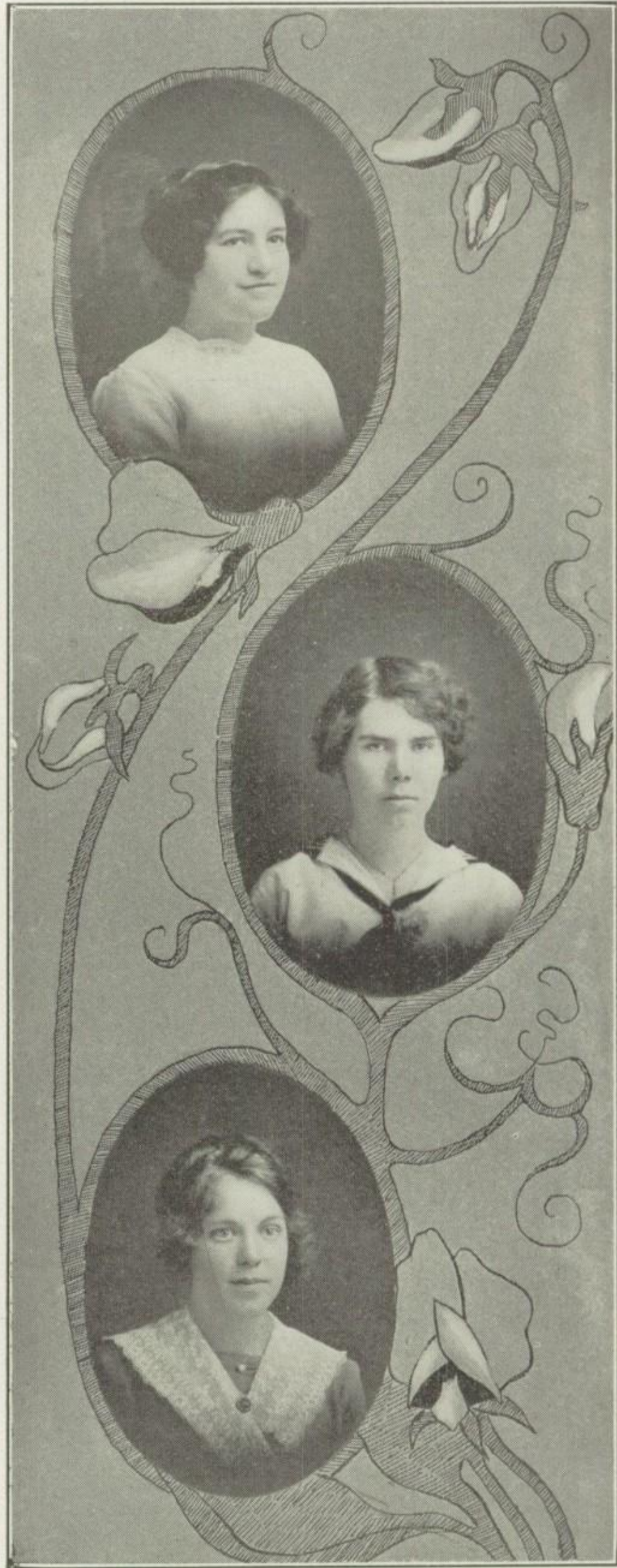
"Poor prattler, how thou
talkest." —*Shakespeare*

LILLIAN GARDNER—

"Your worth is very
dear to my regard."
—*Shakespeare.*

ALICE CARTER—

"And thou art honest
too." —*Shakespeare.*





AMY FARLEY—

"My tongue is mine ain."

—*Scott.*

FLORENCE BROWN—

"Who chooseth me shall
get as much as he deserves."

—*Shakespeare.*

HERMAN FREYSCHLAG

"As I have ever found
thee, honest, true."

—*Shakespeare.*

RUTH SIMPSON—

"Her acts are modest and
her words discreet."

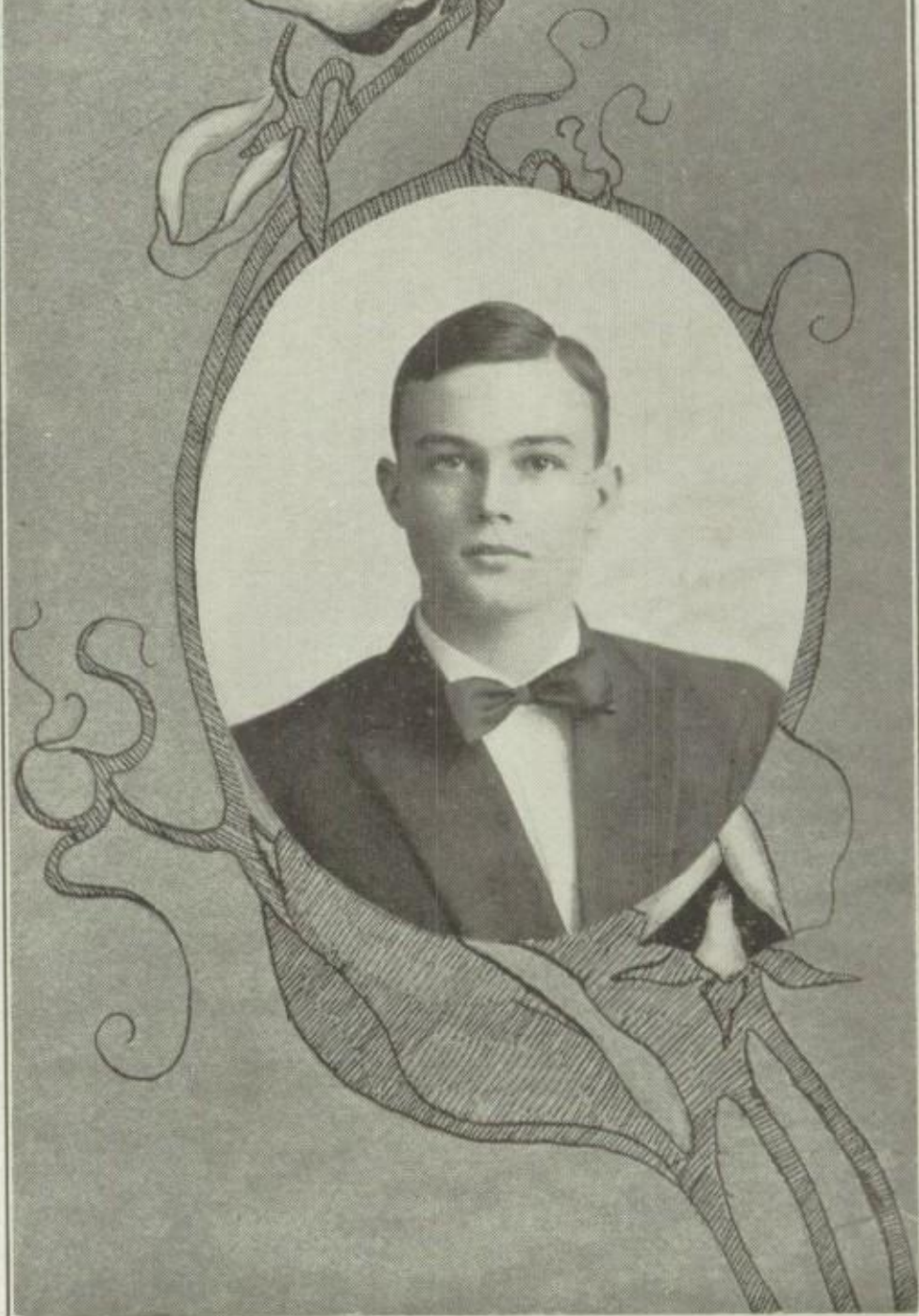
—Longfellow.



CARL SCHOLZ—

"Let me play the fool."

—Shakespeare.

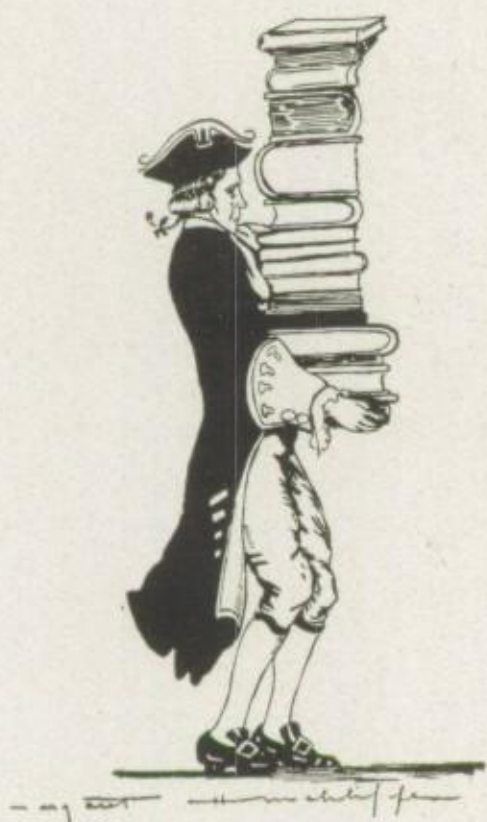




LELIA GRANSTROM—
 "I love not to be crossed."
 —*Shakespeare.*

MARGARET
 HINCHLIFFE—
 "Oh, how I doted on her
 smile."
 —*Cook.*

MABEL OLIVER—
 "Giddy in spirits."
 —*Shakespeare.*



Literary

President's Address

TONIGHT, we, of the class of 1913, are before you in our last high school function. The night is ours and so we are going to initiate you as best we can into the fun and seriousness, work and play of our last few years. Although our aim tonight is primarily to amuse you, and probably most of you are here to be amused, yet undoubtedly tonight you will all get some impression as to the results of those four years in Campbell Union High School. So, practically, instead of tonight being a class night, it is a school night.

Our class is merely a representative product of Campbell High School. Not only tonight, but all throughout the life upon which we are just entering, the preliminary training received in this school will be put to practical tests. Here we have learned how to study and how to attack the problems of life. After all, this is as much as any school can do, for life itself must furnish the final battle ground of theory and practice.

We, as a class, have been very fortunate in being able to work well together. In spite of the fact that one-fourth of the class are boys, we have been very successful in our management of student affairs. I need but to point to the successes of our school during the past year to prove this.

We have been successful, both in our athletics and in our literary work. As a class we have been prominent in our activities and in our studies as well. I believe we have answered well all the requirements of a high school graduating class. And so now it is up to us to make good. We must now prove that the four years of high school have not been thrown away, but that a high school education is vitally necessary to a successful life.

A White Black Heart

SITUATED in the eastern part of Tulare County in the low hills of the Sierra Nevadas, lies Round Valley, so called for its being perfectly round and bordered on all sides by low rolling hills of much the same height. At the northern end lies the Yokohl Valley, the home of the Yokohl Indian, and our reservation for them. The Yokohl Indian is not of pure blood. He is a mixture of Spanish and Mexican, and a tribe feared by the few scattering white families for their many depredations.

In the center of Round Valley nestles a low rambling farm house, with broad verandas extending on all sides, like protecting arms. A granary and great barns stand at the north of it. Broad wheat fields, nodding their sear heads of ripened grain, reach well upon the hill sides in every direction.

A typical California farm, a typical California day, 1876. The sun's rays beat down intensely hot. Quiet reigns everywhere, save for the cooing of the blue and white pigeons as they flit in and out about the barn lofts, and the rippling laughter of several small children as they play about the yard. A woman appears upon the veranda and with a quick nervous step walks up and down its length, gazing intently, with her hand protecting her eyes from the sun's glare, along the rim of hills as if fearing the approach of some danger. Suddenly in the distance just over the crest of the hills at the far end of the valley, cloud of dust is rising high on the hot winds, not unnoticed by the anxious mother. Soon her worst fears are realized, for one horse after another is seen manned by a Yokohl Indian, until some forty-five round the hill, and bear down the valley side toward the farm house. No man is on the ranch and alone this woman must meet the caravan. Her mother instinct asserts itself. She cannot flee for there are the children to be hidden away and protected. This done, quickly she dons her husband's suit and pulling a slouch hat well over her hair, she is on the veranda to meet the foe; constantly sending a petition to her Heavenly Father for protection from this great angry band.

Our government has decreed that the Yokohl Indians shall remain on the Yokohl reservation. This they refuse to do and are rapidly making their way to the North Tule reservation. On and on they come; the fast running of the ponies and the increasing thud, thud, of their many hoofs, make a maddening sound. They stop at the barn and feed their horses. Now each Indian mounts his frothy, blue, Indian pony and rides rapidly to the house. They make the woman understand a dipper is wanted to drink from, and this she quickly gives. The old Indian chief, Great Black Heart, is bedecked in brilliant feathers and his face is coated with war paint; his tribe behind him is awaiting his command. He gazes with snapping beady eyes at the helpless figure before him. Helpless, aye, yes. Has she not made a noble effort at protecting her

loved ones and failed? As the chief takes one step forward, she takes one step backward. Her chest is rising and falling, under her great fear and anxiety. Instinctively her lips part and her eyes turn Heavenward—A whispered supplication. Great Black Heart pauses for a moment. Like a flash he recognizes, she is a woman in disguise, then he understands all her fear, her effort to disguise for protection and her very helplessness. All seem to appeal to him. He gently presses his lips to her hand, whirls about, shouting in commanding tones, "Blanco Mahalay Machatata!" meaning "white woman and children," and a further command of "Away, Away With you!"

With one graceful bound he is astride his horse, has pierced its bleeding sides once more with his spurs, and his band is riding like mad behind him. A moment more and they disappear over the hills, leaving only a cloud of white dust, drifting high and higher in the heavens from the hill tops and seeming to proclaim that the heart of Great Black Heart has turned white.



Seniors, Farewell

Seniors, your school life is over,
The duties assigned you are done;
You must now say "Farewell" to your High School
For your duties of life are begun.

As we give you our hand in the parting
Our wishes are all of the best;
We hope that the paths that you've chosen
Will ever lead on to success.

May the hopes of your youth be accomplished,
The hopes you have cherished so long;
And may clouds never darken your outlook,
May your lives flow onward with song.

Tho' tis sadness we feel as we leave you,
'Tis with joy that we safely may part;
For your motto will serve as a "sesame,"
If "ever ready" beats true in each heart.

A JUNIOR.

Class Prophecy of '13

THEY meet at a garden party in Paris, in 1928, three old classmates, Lelia Granstrom, Mabel Oliver, and Margaret Hinchliffe. Lelia is now a dashing widow, designor of Paris fashions. Mabel is the petted, pampered Lady Algernon Montmerency, and Margaret, a confirmed bachelor girl. Delighted at seeing each other, they find a deserted corner of the garden where they can talk.

Soon they discover a most wonderful invention near-by, a machine called a "Fortune Grinder." By dropping a slip of paper, upon which a name has been written, into a slot, and turning a crank, that person's fortune is "ground" out. Breathlessly the three drop in the names of their old classmates, and with eager interest read the various accounts of their adventures.

And these are the stories of their lives, according to the "Grinder":

Vaudine Putnam.

This damsel donned her glad rags and went forth in search of adventure. All who looked at her were stricken and exclaimed, "How adorably feminine!" and it was not long ere one of them cried, "Behold—that is the decoration which I have been seeking for my dinner table!" And thereupon he married her, and all the days of her life she has been covered with furs and jewels and petting and flattery!

Florence Brown.

This damsel rose up and said: "Come, let us rescue the women of Turkey. Let us drag them from their harems and teach them independence."

So saying, she went among the Turkish ladies, and studied their lives. But she was not there long she found out three things concerning them: That in Turkey there are neither old maids, nor old bachelors, nor servant problems, nor jealousy. And all that is required of a Turkish girl is that she keep her nose powdered!

And so the would-be reformer came home, crying aloud to her American sisters, "Why shall we seek to awaken the happy 'Haremlette' out of her dream? For a satin-lined apartment in Constantinople with a quarter of a husband and twenty servants is better than a flat with a whole husband and no servant!"

John Wood.

Inspired with an exalted purpose, he rose steadily from a mere High School lad to United States Secretary of State. Step by step he climbed the political ladder, and now has reached the top-most round.

So beloved is he by his countrymen, and so popular in State Legislatures that said bodies refuse to meet and decide on momentous questions unless Secretary of State Wood is present to personally give his opinion on the great issues!

THE ORIOLE

Ruth Hayes.

A little trained nurse is a dangerous thing—and you that keep your silver in a strong box, and your jewels behind bars of iron, would you trust your beloved in the hands of one of these? For a chorus girl practices her wiles upon strong men, but the little trained nurse seeks him only that is stricken and at her mercy! And in the flutter of her apron there lurks more danger than in the whole chorus of a comic opera!

Upon her head she wears a cute cap, which glorifies as a halo in his sight. Her smile will not come off.

He yearns to be babied, and she babies him! She takes his pulse!

And what chance has a damsel at a pink tea beside a ministering angel such as one of these?

Alice Duncan.

Her everlasting smile has never been known to come off through all the direful and terrifying adventures that always befall a missionary's wife. Way down in the jungles of Africa she teaches the funny little black, naked savages the ways of civilization.

She lights her own way with the sun of her smiles, and smooths all her paths with soft soap.

She says that, judging from her own experiences, a civilized man is distinguished from the savage chiefly by his manners; although the distinction is never conspicuous before breakfast!

Freeman Duncan.

The life of this hardened, inveterate bachelor is a path strewn with many little red, broken, chipped, cracked, pleading hearts! As the proprietor of a large matrimonial bureau he is simply beyond comparison. His matchless match-making abilities no doubt are due to his various personal experiences during his High School days!

Zadie Rice.

The distinguished Generaless of the Woman's Cavalry Corps is a well-known celebrity. The skillful manoeuvring of her large cavalry force of women won a glorious victory for the United States in the late war with Japan. She has established a record of woman's ability of leadership in war akin to that of Joan of Arc.

Lillian Gardner.

Yea, a Spinster is a wise dispensation of Providence! She feeds them that are hungry and comforts the sick and weary. Her nieces and nephews arise and bless her, for she showers them with adoration and pin-money and bon bons.

Virtue covers her as a mantle. She shines as a good example in a naughty world!

And the love she denied to man she lavishes upon cats and birds; which are more worthy.

THE ORIOLE

Carl Scholz.

This young man has made a mark in the world—as a scientist has he won his renown. His greatest achievement was the invention of a wonderful instantaneous shaving machine. The operation is performed by means of a swift blast of air, the operator using his own breath for the purpose. The blowing of the breath into one part causes a violent suction of air into another part of the instrument, which is converted into a powerful blast of air against the face.

But alas—in experimenting upon himself, the Professor, forgetting he was not playing his cornet, accidentally blew too hard, and every eyelash and both his eyebrows were blown off slick and smooth. All his efforts to grow new ones have been in vain, but the professor consoles himself with the thought that he sacrificed himself for the benefit of mankind.

Geneva Currier.

A most unusual calling became Geneva's! She drives an enormous triple-decker auto truck each day through the outlying districts of Campbell, taking students to and from Campbell High. Seniors always ride on the lower deck, Juniors on the middle one, and Sophmores on the upper, while Freshmen are allowed to ride upon the roof.

Her income is immense and her bank account is increasing rapidly. A certain per cent of this she sets aside for her pet endowment, a large library of American History reference books, for which the High School has long suffered.

Amy Farley.

Truly Amy has found that the road to a man's heart is straight through his stomach. For cooking, as well as love, is a fine art, and neither rules nor recipes shall avail you if you were not born with the "knack."

She carelessly flings in a pound of this, and a pinch of that, and a dab of the other—lightly shakes them together and behold! her concoctions are smoother than the voice of Caruso, and more enchanting than distilled ambrosia!

She possesses the knack! And knack is the sixth sense which some call "intuition," and some call "luck," which is a gift of the angels to a chosen few!

Ruth Simpson.

Surely, the girl with the peaches and cream complexion is in luck! She skillfully brews and boils unsavory liquids which she corks up in pint bottles to sell as beauty lotions and freckle eradicators. And she exhibits her own rose-petal cheeks as a result of continual use of these. Her arguments concerning her wares are like Fourth of July balloons, kept up entirely upon hot air, but all the beauty seekers who look upon her flawless skin are convinced!

They buy, and buy!

And many dollars has she accumulated, her wealth is stupendous. And her name is exalted above many others,—for a woman can more easily perpetuate her name by inventing a new beautifier, than a man can by inventing a new aeroplane!

Herman Freschlag.

The name of Herman Freschlag has long been linked with that of Luther P. Burbank.

In his huge botanical laboratory, which is an addition to the grounds of Campbell High School, the Professor carries on his extraordinary experiments, and also instructs large classes in the interesting science of plants. Since his discovery of a certain fruit, a cross between the melon and the cauliflower, which he has fittingly called the "melancholy," he has been doubly famous. For cases of incessant giggling, the "melancholy" is a swift and absolute remedy. A small slice of the fruit never fails to stop the most violent giggles for the time, and a little taken each morning soon effects a permanent cure. Prof. Freschlag has found this a most invaluable remedy in the class room.

Alice Carter.

This maiden, in her youthful earnestness, cried out—"Behold! I shall never, never, fall in love! For love is but a figment of the imagination, a temporary insanity, an idle pastime, and I do not believe in it! I shall have a career."

But it came to pass that this foolish one's arguments were broken against her! For at a lonely summer resort she met a young man who was equally determined not to marry. Many heart-to-heart talks they had on the folly of sentiment, the horrors of Matrimony and the joys and glory of the Single Life.

A mutual interest in golf, books and horses, a few long walks, a canoe on the lake one evening and the usual moon— — and of course they have lived happily ever after.



Class Will

WE, the Senior Class of Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen, of the Campbell Union High School, town of Campbell, County of Santa Clara, State of California, about to depart this life forever, and being in full possession of all our mental faculties, do hereby make and declare this to be our last will and testament, in manner and form following:

First: We give, devise, and bequeath unto the High School, our Senior Banner, to be kept with the utmost care; also our genial jaintor, Mr. Fablinger, to have and to hold, so long as he may live.

Second: We leave any unpaid bills of the Senior Class, to be disposed of as soon as practical from the residue of the estate, after the funeral expenses have been met.

Third: We, the Senior boys, bequeath unto the Junior boys, our precious beards, which we have cherished so tenderly.

Fourth: We, the Senior boys, leave our old shoes to Miss Catton, so that she will be well supplied for several years to come.

Fifth: We, the Senior girls in Manual Training, leave our many broken legs, arms, shoulders, and cracked tops, to Miss Chamberlain.

I, Florence Brown, do give, devise, and bequeath my hike to Miss Catton, knowing it will come in handy on the many tramps in which she indulges. My athletic ambitions I leave to Hope Lent, and by commanding ways to Herman Metzler.

I, John Wood, will my ability as a debater to Bernice Lloyd. My admiration for short girls to any one who admires them. My ready supply of knowledge on all subjects, I gladly leave to the incoming Freshman class, so they will have something in their heads when they start in their course of study.

I, Ruth Simpson, leave my quiet and dignified manner to Juliet Billion. My pretty complexion I give to Leslie Cox, hoping he will not look so pale in the future. My rat, I do give, devise, and bequeath to Ada Nelson, who is privileged, if she does not feel the need of it, to pass it on to some more deserving sister.

I, Amy Farley, leave my middy blouse to the next year's Senior girls, to have their pictures taken in. My small hands and feet I give to Grace Talbot. My frankness I leave to Hazel Flora. My habit of sketching during recitations I leave to anyone who enjoys drawing as much as I do.

I, Lelia Granstrom, will and bequeath my dark eyebrows to Sarah Robinson, knowing her admiration for dark eyebrows. My ability as a hair dresser, to Juliet Billion, realizing that she needs to acquire this art. My delight in flirting I resign to Agnes Stewart, and by artistic temperament to Miss Chamberlain.

THE ORIOLE

I, Vandine Putnam, leave my ability to make friends to Elsie Mann. My curly hair I gladly leave to Elon Gerken. My strong alto voice I will to the basses of the Special Chorus, to be equally divided among them.

I, Geneva Currier, do bequeath my horse and buggy to Luella Thompson, hoping her arrival at school will be a trifle earlier than heretofore. My Plump appearance I gladly leave to Miss Catton, knowing she will deeply appreciate the legacy. My punctuality I give to all those of the lower classmen who need to acquire this desirable hamit.

I, Carl Scholz, will my bashfulness (?) to Oscar Aschman. My position as track manager I resign to Cecil Kennedy. My ability to make people laugh I give to Roy Gardner, hoping he will have better success than here-to-fore.

I, Lillian Gardner, do give and bequeath the trash in my desk to anyone who can make use of it. My numerous lost pens and erasers, which have been the public property of the school, to anyone who can find them.

I, Alice Duncan, leave my superior height to Nellie McCrary, so that she may watch the basket ball games without standing on a bench. My front seat I leave to Miss Moulton, to give to anyone that she thinks deserves it. My perpetual smile and abundant good humor I give to Louis Beacock.

I, Alice Carter, do will and bequeath my straw hat to Marjory Duncan, since she seems to have taken such a fancy to it. My place in Geneva's old yellow buggy I leave to Wendell Hawkinson, so that Luella will not be lonesome on her long journey to and from school.

I, Freeman Duncan, leave my love for "matching pennies" to Marie Bohrmann, hoping she may make enough to buy her supply of chewing gum. My dimples, I leave to Nanette Ellison. My position as "ladies' man" I leave to Dan Yeager.

I, Mable Oliver, leave my precious Oriole subscription to the Student Body to be put in the trophy case. My love for motorcycle riding I give to Agnes Stewart, hoping she will enjoy it as much as I have.

I, Ruth Hayes, will to Charles Brandenburg, my patent walk. My habit of rough-housing with the boys I leave Marie Bohrmann. My ability to write songs for inter-school debates, I gladly give to any one who has school spirit enough to write them.

I, Zadie Rice, leave my monopoly on History IV reference books to Agnes Stewart, so she may always have her history lesson. My mania for horse back riding I give to Fay Billings. My sarcasm I readily resign to Miss Catton, knowing that a larger supply of it would often come in handy.

I, Margaret Hinchliffe, leave my goat to Miss Catton, as she has been trying to get it all year. My ability to write themes, I give to Marjory Duncan. To Hope Lent I leave my fluffy hair, and my gentle nature and winning way I have so much enjoyed, I leave to Marie Bohrmann.

THE ORIOLE

I, Herman Freyshlag, do give and bequeath my faithful old white horse and buggy to Miss Moulton, so she will not have to walk to school next year. My ability to avoid the girls I leave to Ira Beal.

And, lastly, we nominate and appoint as executive of this, our last will and testament, Miss Chamberlain. In witness whereof, we, the Senior Class of Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen, have hereunto set our hand and seal.

G. CURRIER,
L. GARDNER,
A. CARTER,
Committee.



Class Song

Tune—"I love you, California."

We love you, Campbell High School,
You're the greatest school of all;
We love each place familiar,
Every class-room, every hall.
We've felt the office terrors
And examinations' fears,
Still we love our dear High School
Where we've spent these last four years.

Chorus:

It is here that we've worked and we've studied;
It is here that we've had our fun;
And our hearts are not light
As we leave you tonight,
For our four happy years are done.
So farewell to the teachers so faithful,
And farewell to schoolmates, too.
When we're all far away,
In our thoughts we will stay
Near our dear old Campbell High School.

We've done our share in mischief,
And we've had our share in fun;
We've had our share in victories
That Campbell High has won.
The time has come to leave you,
And tonight we all must part;
So farewell to the High School
Which we love with all our heart.

RUTH HAYES.

Down to Soquel

“DASH up spirit!”

“Cheer up, kids, the wagon will come sometime,” called Duncan.

“Aint that carriage ever——”

“Oh, mercy! its seven o'clock by Big Ben and the wagon isn't here yet! It has really come! I see it with the lone boy from Lone Hill. Oh, why did those plagued boys go and leave yesterday in that machine and leave Herman all alone?”

“Grab your blankets——”

“Aw! look out, those are my beans!!”

“For goodness sake, Lillian, hurry up, we want to get back in time to graduate!” shouted Geneva.

“So long!”

“Good-bye! See you Mon.”

“O-o-oh! Get your feet out of those eggs!!”

With expressions similar to those above we started out on a hilarious four days, with boxes on boxes, people on people, bedclothes on bedclothes, powder an inch thick on peoples faces, perfectly respectably clean clothes and hair combed neatly, some even curled, and Pat, the driver, with a pistol at his hip to protect himself and the lone boy from the other inmates of the carriage we left town and civilization.

Miles and miles from all humanity and back to the realms of savagery we made camp, or rather, we had it. One of our courageous five boys carried a pack mule load of luggage into camp, turned a somersault onto four pies and behold!——layer cake! We showed our thoughtfulness for the chaperone that night by allowing her to wait two hours for the rig down, and then walk!

Freckles of the crowd, born and raised in the mountains, familiar with every fish in every pool, every bird on every tree and every trail on every hill, managed to get a very desirable beast to drag our luggage down the canyon. Freckles and City Brother accompanied the beast back to its home while the rest of the bunch fixed a place possible for us to spend the night somehow, if not in sleep.

Dark came on, Freckles and City Brother did not. Terrors descended upon us and finally in the dim, dark distance we heard a cry and our yeowls of joy and relief rent the air. We timed their arrival by Hayes Kids' alarm clock, Big Ben, which she carried on her front. Minutes passed and another yell came. After a long half hour by Big Ben the two stumbled into camp, tousled and sweaty and mad! They had yelled, oh yes, and we had answered but they had yelled, “Bring on a lantern!” We appeased their wrath by getting near their stomachs with eats and “layer cake.” We were duly warned through that after that when anyone yelled we must “bring a lantern.”

THE ORIOLE

"Come on, all you kids who want to hike to the sulphur springs. Hurry up, grab your things and come," yelled Peanuts, one morning. So we grabbed.. A few lazy ones stayed at camp and took life easy. All the five boys went and three girls who thought they could be game for a ten-mile, monutain miles at that, hike. Up, up, up, we went, no one growling, every one too busy to do anything but puff. Trails were rare things and we never struck one until after three miles of just plain mountain, except for the underbrush which we had to beat through instead of around. With faces blazing and streaming with sweat we finally struck a trail.

On this trip we realized the truth of the idea that if one is going up it will be a harder trip than going down. We stuck closely to the narrow path, although it was not straight, and finally reached the top. We were awarded for our efforts by various shaped, hued and tasting strawberries and a refreshing drink of queer odored and odd tasting sulphur water. Of course it impressed some different from others but even if the taste it left in one's mouth were not welcome, it at least was wet.

All day long the fair three had been in gerat fear of meeting some wild animal in the form of a mountain lion. The five boys of course had enlarged their imaginations and their vocabulary for the benefit of the three. On rounding a sharp curve those straggling behind beheld those ahead come to a sharp standstill in front of a large log, and look apprehensively at one another. Peanuts, who was always undaunted, called out, "There's our mountain lion on the other side of the log!" but somehow or other there was not much terror suggested in her tone. On coming a little closer and in better range of the beast we peered over the log and saw Freeman, face to face with it! The beast had its kitten with it and its head was lowered not to spring, but to charge with its horns!! We retreated face forward and reached the trail again by a rather round-about route of which we would rather not speak.

Those left at camp during the day had succeeded in doing queer and mischievous things which we finally discovered by putting two and two together and making four!

The day before we came home City Brother and his cousin, Chaffeur, left the ranks to return home. Two of the girls who had not yet discovered that the mountain lion had horns, departed with them. After they had taken all the fish we had caught and about as many horrid snapshots as anyone could imagine they sped away in their machine, grinning and gloating it over us because of their ride while we had to hike back to camp. Duncan had gone and taken her giggle with her so when we returned camp seemed dreadfully pious. Despite some of our principles we went fishing Sunday.

It thundered and rained in a vain attempt to keep us from doing such things but the more it thundered the more fish we caught, so finally the storm left us to accomplish our own destruction. On returning Sunday night, joyous and starving, with a large string of fish, on nearing camp we hoo-hooed and were met by a giggling Peanuts with a lantern held high over her head, throwing its beams on our astonished personages.

THE ORIOLE

While Freeman was sprawled out drying his feet and contentedly gnawing a cookie, Geneva accidentally? tipped the box of cookies over on him. His anger arose in one vicious exclamation which sounded to our horrified ears very much like "Darn Hound!" She had not heard what he called her, but on finding out that, Amy, her twin, would be mad if he had called her that she dived into him with all her might, not muscle but girl pestering. Her advantage came in the fact that he was already on his back and was too lazy to move no matter who should land on top of him.

As her fingers closed around his neck and she begged if he would not and threatened if he did not take back the words he had uttered, a queer gurgling moan came from his lips which struck ones ears like a siren whistle. "What's that?" questioned Geneva, loosing her hold.

"Thash ditto, for what I said before!" gurgled Freeman in response, Geneva immediately called him "dirty dago," which seemed to strike his sore spot so thoroughly that they agreed that they were square. So ended an extremely unseemly affair much to the sorrow of those not participating.

"Have you everything rolled up in those blankets?"

"No, all I own is in by little straw basket, oh, no, I haven't my fork, soak it here!" In breaking up camp we were madly excited jabbering all at once and paying hardly any attention to what anyone said to us.

Geneva was washing dishes. "Johnny, will you stop eating and bring me that frying pan and put it in the sack? Peanuts, if you did catch a big string of fish its no reason why you should play foot-ball with the bread instead of wiping and packing these dishes!"

"Is the lunch packed? We may be hungry at noon don't you think?" questioned Lillian.

Hayes Kid was in a perfect quandary for she had just been down to the creek and caught three more fish. "Oh I don't know what to do and while I don't someone's done it so I guess we can start. Mrs. Farley, did you put in the cheese? I know I'll want some!"

"Her-r-r-man-n!!" yelled Amy. "You divvy that load with some one, you crazy kid, we're not going to have you played out before we reach the top of the hill.

We did reach the top and instead of just Herman being played out we were all in! Some of us went and bought some cherries and picked them with our own hands adding greatly to our cleanliness. When Pat unexpectedly rounded a corner of the road, with the welcome wagon, looking fresh and clean and civilized we were wild with joy.

Coming home we were hilarious and quiet at intervals as our feelings demanded and their usual demand was quiet. On nearing home our one desire was to make as much noise as possible and try to make people believe that we felt better than when we started. But what started in a yell usually ended in a wail but better than anything else none of us lost our voices much to our own joy and the disgust of others.

AMY FARLEY

Class Poem

We are not treasured in memory
For greatness, though we strove to gain;
It is our tone of words, kindness,
And manner, that will ever remain.

As time moves on we may forget
The small seeds so carefully sown,
But who can tell what fruit may yield
From little deeds once kindly done.

Then as we sail here and there
Over life's vast and restless sea,
May some scattered rays of sunshine
Beam back to you and me.

Small grains of little value
When sown upon the waiting field,
Quickened by storm as well as sunshine,
Do always mighty harvests yield.

'Tis what we sow and how we sow,
For there is nothing lost;
All that floats from us, drifts back to us,
As bread, when on waters tossed.

When climbing to the mountain top,
'Tis then you always find
The path with rocks and briers strewn
And underbrush so lined.

How careful every step we take
To make sure 'tis the best;
Bearing in mind when the top is reached,
We shall have a perfect rest.

We must map our lives and set our mark,
Make straight the path and take it,
Helping others along the way
For life is what we make it.

Let every dawning morning frame
Some good and kindly, worthy thing;
And let every setting sun, some
Well earned, well spent record bring.

VAUDINE PUTNAM.

Class History

(Scene opens with the present Senior class on a picnic. The various members of the class are lounging around the stage on rugs and boxes, taking it easy. Baskets and packages of lunch are piled upon an old table, near center of stage.)

L. Gardner (in quavering voice): "Oh! what do you think we got in the History IV ex?"

Mabel O. (soaking pillow at her): "Oh, gee! Lillian, shut up, can't you? This is no time for such horrible memories, this is a pleasure expedition. Isn't this blissful with no chaperone, I don't see how we ever managed to have a picnic without one. Now, if I only had a motorcycle! A-a-a-h!"

Margaret H.: "Oh, let's do something, play something or go fishing or something!"

F. Duncan (laughingly): "Let's play Spin the Platter."

All: "No, no, Wink!"

F. Brown: "Oh, no, I know a better game, those are stale! It's a swell game, perfectly original, called 1913 guessing game."

Various people: "How? What is it? What do we do?"

Florence: "Each person that is here is to describe some member of the class as they entered High and the rest of us will guess who it is. Now shut up and try playing it, it's fun! Johnny, you begin."

Johnny W.: "She had a small mouth, very little dark hair which protruded over her generous supply of ears. Slant grey eyes which kinked at the corners when she laughed, a very small nose which could not be seen past the rats, profile view."

(Various guesses are made until the right one is discovered, then the one having been described takes up another member of the class and describes them.)

Johnny: "If you can't guess her by that she was the shrimp of the class."

Peanuts: "Now I'll get even by describing someone just as horribly as he described me. This person that I describe pulled her hair back so tight that she couldn't shut her eyes and they protruded almost past her nose which wasn't much to get past. She can perhaps be identified by the fact that she had a great passion for chewing the ends of her pens and——"

Lelia G.: "Oh! I know who that is!"

Florence B.: "——pencils. Her mouth was always open displaying two chalky white, enormous front teeth."

Amy F.: "He was big, not enormous, but oh how meek. He had pale yellow hair which grew in great quantities on the back of his head close to his neck. He had very broad shoulders, seldom favored anyone with his smile, perfect patience and good nature always prevalent."

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Geneva C.: "Oh, I don't think he was meek, I think he was terribly forward!"

Herman F.: "She was big and had very awkward actions, was Miss Moulton's favorite and had a perpetual grin illumining her broadlined features. Had light hair and real blue eyes, never quite positive in her assertions, her usual answer being 'I think.'"

Alice D.: "I think I know who that is." (Drawlingly.)

Alice D.: "The human hatpin, about as hard to get close to as a real hatpin. She had two deep dimples on either side of a three-cornered mouth, her general appearance was that of a nervous breakdown. She had saucer blue-gray eyes and rather wavy hair which grew rather far back from her forehead."

(Silence; prolonged.)

Alice D.: "Cain't you-all tell you that is?"

Zadie R.: "The sport of our class, capable of making cutting personal remarks; peroxide blonde hair with a butterfly bow dangling down the back, trod like an elephant——"

Alice C.: "Aw! I bet you I know who that is."

Zadie R.: "——and had a characteristic giggle that could be distinguished above all others."

Mabel O.: "The eternal question mark 'Why?' The one who was always too busy for trifles, walked as if stepping on eggs, had an effervescing pompadour straight up in front and a flat little pug in back. Her complexion was cabbage-red rosy and her general appearance was convex in front and concave behind."

Geneva C.: "Gee, Mabel Oliver, I'm glad you didn't take it into your head to describe me if that's the way you lay it in!"

Lillian G.: "Now, I'll describe a boy. He wore a hideous tan suit striped with brown——"

Florence B.: "O-o-o-oh!"

L. G.: "——had castor oily black hair, broad shoulders which swaggered when he sauntered for it couldn't be said that he walked, his general appearance was stupid, he was always seen on girls' side of study-hall. Besides that he was the baby boy of the class and the baby doll of some of the girls, and he's had severe 'die if you don't love me' cases in his four years of high."

Freeman D.: "Her general expression was emphatic, and she had a protruding lower jaw. Chewed her tongue until it was like a rag and now she chews the rag." (As he utters this last Ruth H. grabs pillow and soaks it at him, which he skilfully dodges.) "Her one redeeming feature was the length and quality of her hair which was just the color of the present Methodist preacher's. Well, I'll quit now because I can't get past her nose."

Ruth H.: "The little dark girl who was always too happy to sit still, never would promise to be good, quite attractive to the boys." (Stops as if thinking.)

Zadie R.: "You know you hadn't ought to be sarcastic and the last sounds just a wee bit so."

Ruth H.: "She was rollypolly, shaped like a sack of meat, and possessed a great deal of long, stringy black hair which rebelled at the curling iron and would never stay where it was put."

Geneva C.: "Now won't I lay it to someone! Flat like a slat!" (Choruses of oh's from the girls.) "Had absolutely no complexion at all, wore her hair down her back in curls, was noted for her characteristic squealing."

Carl S.: "Aw, I could tell you that person!"

Geneva C.: "Well, wait till I'm through! She was the clinging vine of the class and had a smile that illuminated her otherwise expressionless features."

(At the close of this description a number of the girls begin to fix the table and unpack the lunch, putting it on the table, sampling things the while. The game still continues as they do this.)

Margaret H.: "She was a great big, dark, poutish, pettish looking girl, desirous of having her own way or none at all. She wore her hair the first day in two low, large knobs one over each ear and she had flashing brown eyes. Liked the boys exceedingly well and had original ideas and a generous nature."

Margaret H.: "And she has used those original ideas to our advantage many times."

Lelia G.: "He wore faded out corduroys turned up almost to the knees, his socks were never mates and his favorite pastime was ruffling his hair. He shared all his joys and sorrows with a certain upperclass lassie."

Ruth H.: "There are so few boys it's no trick to guess them as soon as we hear you say he!"

Lelia G.: "He had a Happy Hooligan grin and was the little sawed-off, fat Dutchman of the class."

Carl S.: "Ah, she had a complexion like the apple blossom, her appearance being that of a scared rabbit. She was like a snail in its shell and when she did come out she was surprised at herself. She hated boys and her only fault was that she looked as if she came out of a band-box. If you don't know who that is she's sitting right over there!" (Points to person before anyone has a chance to guess.)

Ruth Simpson: "She had a Roman nose all over her face, very curly dark hair, waddled like a duck when she walked, always came a-tagging in late. She had an artist's complexion, very polished manners and a sympathetic nature."

Vaudine Putnam: "She was big-boned, big-eyed, had straw stack hair, had a wholesome smile. She was original in her remarks although very bashful at first. Her manner was quiet and she had a squelching stare."

Margaret H.: "Oh, that's ———. Come on, all ye weary and footsore Seniors, from your journey back of four years and gather around the festive board of the present!"

Alice C.: "Here, you keep still! I've got someone to describe for

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you, this is the last but not least, so you ought to be patient. He was a regular brown and red cherub, walked sideways and on tiptoe when he passed a girl. He had a mountain complexion, was a stammering bashful boy who was determined to have an education at all hazards."

Amy F.: "Let's give three cheers for the one just described, our Senior president! Ready now, Hip Ray! Hip Ray! Hip Ray! Senior President! Oh, glory, I'm starved!" (They all settle themselves around the table in an irregular manner, laughing and talking. Mabel snatches up a whole salad and holds it up to her.)

Mabel O: "M-m-m! This is mine!" (Someone attempting to snatch it away from her only succeeding in securing a leaf of lettuce from around the dish. Looks at it with surprise and then shouts) "Listen, everyoe, look what I found! (Takes leaf and begins to read. The rest continue their eating meanwhile.) "When this unworthy and rude class entered high school they were twenty-four in number. They for the first few days were meek and gracious in their manner but when finally aroused they became of some note in school life. They never allowed themselves to be trampled on by the class preceding them although various attempts were made by them to do so. At our first reception by the other members of the school we took the punishment meted out to us right royally and showed our staunch good sense. From then on our desires have not been trampled in the dust but have been considered!" (The eating continues and someone taking up a sandwich and biting it, makes a wry face and extracts from between the bread a folded piece of paper. Unfolds and begins to read.)

"In our first year some of us entered athletics but we didn't have much success along these lines until the light-haired boy among us took up baseball and basketball and so by him have our athletic standards been upheld and he has been a great help to the two teams in these four years."

(Another sandwich is taken by someone and opening it up they take out the paper before biting. Reads.)

"In our four years we have had one battle, many rebellious spirits have been with us at times but they have been put down. In our second year of school civil war came on us with very little warning. The momentous question to be decided was whether we should have outside boys attend a class party. Those opposing the general state of affairs were as firm in their wishes as those who were satisfied with our five were. Open conflict was the result and the former won out and outsiders came. Shortly after this our boys decided that they were dissatisfied with the fairer sex of our class and two of them openly seceded. Many and varied attempts at compromise were made but all in vain. The Union was shattered."

(A member of the class now yells for candy and a box of marshmallows is passed to them. One has a piece of paper wrapped around it, and the persons unwrap this and read excitedly from the slip.)

"Marshmallow party at English teacher's. Very few classes of the school have been honored by a party given to them by a member of the faculty in their second year of school life. Ours was one of the few!

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We were given a party by our English teacher and marshmallows predominated, every one going seeming to have purchased some marshmallows just to have a little fun toasting 'em! Fun followed and we will ever carry this good time in our memories, thanks to the English lady." (A banana is now grabbed by someone and where it has been peeled down one side a long strip of paper is extracted. The following account is given.)

"Our Junior Farce was one grand success! A rousing college play given with spirit like everything we ever gave or did. All attending will readily remember the grand climax at the very close of the play. Although unexpected by some members of the class we recovered enough to realize that the farce was over! Our farce took up it seems about the happiest times in some of our high school lives. Directly after we were given a feed by the Seniors in return for the many feeds we had laboriously given them as the result of challenges for debates." (One person still eating sandwiches finds another piece of paper.)

"Our Junior reception was informal and kiddish as all our affairs have been. We gave it in a spirit of fun more than of formality. In everything we've done we always managed to get fun out of it."

(Someone takes up an orange and examines it until the desired piece of paper is extracted.)

"In our Junior year we lost one of our track members who left us to go to Oakland. Two of our most spirited members left us at the close of our Junior year to go to Palo Alto. One of these last two was our star debater winning for us many times against the school to which she has now gone. These departures were about as sorrowful happenings as we had in our class." (Someone grabs another orange and reads with great joy.)

"Now we have completed our four years of high school. The population of our small republic instead of increasing from the start has steadily decreased until we have become seventeen in number. We have given brief accounts of what we have accomplished. In being allowed to depart in peace and in the freedom of our childishness, for we feel that we are one of the most kiddish acting and irresponsible classes ever leaving these halls, after laboring in good humor and righteous indignation at various intervals, we feel that our faculty have truly accomplished the 'Emancipation of the Slaves.'"

ALICE DUNCAN
RUTH SIMPSON
ZADIE RICE
AMY FARLEY

Committee.

Happiness and Work

THE idea that there is any relation between happiness and one's work is somewhat at variance with the usual conception, which is exhibited in the undue haste to become rich and thus enjoy the happiness that it is supposed only wealth can bring; and also in the common teaching that labor is brutalizing and degrading, that workers are slaves, and that the real and only way to get enjoyment out of life is to work as little as possible and get the largest possible wage to spend in self-gratification, whence pleasure is supposed to arise.

To him who looks upon work in this way it is truly joyless and devoid of satisfaction. But he who sees the part that toil has played in the development of the race and of the individual, and has a true conception of this place in the world and its activities will do his part in a spirit that can not help but bring a feeling of pleasure and satisfaction. It is largely a reflection of the inner spirit and attitude of the individual. Like two persons looking upon a statue—one sees its beauty and symmetry of form and proportion and reads the lesson the sculptor portrays there and is uplifted thereby; the other sees it as a mere mass of stone cut in the shape of human forms, perhaps, but between the latter and the former lay in his mental attitude toward it.

So it is with a man's work in life—whether it dignifies him and honors him, and gives him pleasure and satisfaction in life depends on whether he comes to it with a realization of its dignity and worth and with a zest and enthusiasm commensurate with its importance. "The foundation of happiness is one's chosen life work."



EDITORIALS



Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., of the Oriole, published bi-monthly at Campbell, Cal., required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

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Owners: (If a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock.)
Students of Campbell Union High School.

THE class that graduates this June has been a very active one in school affairs, having furnished, besides men for the athletics, two debaters for the debating teams. Although there are only four boys in our class, we have furnished men for the baseball, basketball, tennis and track teams, showing that quality, not quantity, is the thing that counts. The girls have shown their enthusiasm and loyalty by attending the games and debates.

This has been Campbell's most successful year for some time in both athletics and debating. The basketball, base ball and debating teams have each won a championship. Year by year our trophy case is being filled, and here's hoping that someday it will have to be replaced by a larger one.

Manual Training has been added this year to the course of study, and the students have taken it up with enthusiasm. The work done by the class is of as high a standard as that done in some of the larger schools, where there are better accommodations.

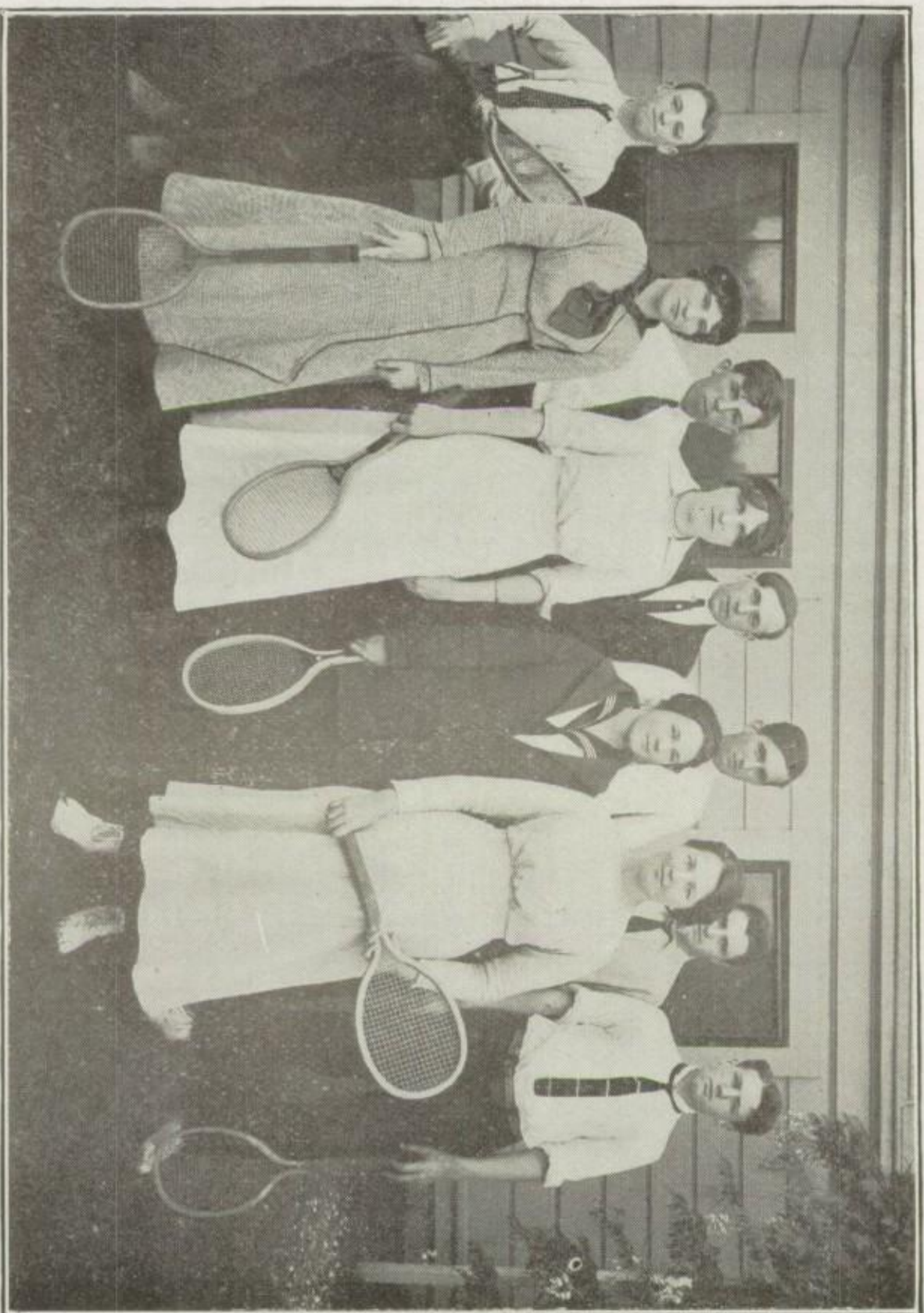
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The Oriole, itself has had a successful year, although it took some time to get started. We wish the next year's staff the best of success and we hope that the students will stand back of them as they have stood back of us, by subscribing and contributing to "The Oriole."

The Staff

FLORENCE BROWN.....	EDITOR
RUTH HAYES.. }	
AMY FARLEY.. }	ASSISTANT EDITOR
JOHN WOOD	BUSINESS MANAGER
GENEVA CURRIER.....	EXCHANGES
HERMAN FREYSCHLAG.....	ATHLETICS
LELIA GRANSTROM.....	SOCIETY
FREEMAN DUNCAN.....	DEBATING
MARGARET HINCHLIFFE.....	JOSHES





C. U. H. S. TENNIS TEAM.

C. Goodridge, D. Yeager, F. Duncan, J. Wood, W. Ludwig,
F. Mendell, B. Lloyd, M. Page, F. Brown, H. Lent.



Society.

COMMENCEMENT! How much this word means to the hearts of the graduating classes. How much of joy and social activity the last week means is only known to the Alumni or the graduates of the present class.

June the fourteenth the Alumni gave their annual reception to the Seniors. We eagerly anticipated this event because of former experiences and we were royally entertained.

June the thirteenth our English teacher, Miss Moulton, with the aid of our class adviser, Miss Chamberlain, gave us a party at the beautiful country residence of the former. This also was heartily enjoyed by the Seniors.

June the twentieth, again the Seniors were entertained. This time the Juniors entertained us in the form of a reception. This has been the custom of the school for several years and we sincerely hope the coming Senior classes will get as much pleasure out of "the reception" as we did.

Rev. Wilson of the Methodist Church officiated at the Baccalaureate sermon, June twenty-second.

Class Night was June the twenty-fourth. The following program was carried out by the Seniors:

1. President's Address.....JOHN WOOD
2. Class Song.....CLASS
3. Class Will.....GENEVA CURRIER
4. Selection.ORCHESTRA
5. Class History.....CLASS

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6. Now and Then.....
 7. Selection.ORCHESTRA
 8. Class Prophecy.....

{ L. GRANSTROM
 M. OLIVER
 M. HINCHLIFFE
 9. Class Poem.....V. PUTNAM
 10. Selection.ORCHESTRA
- Mrs. Dwight Ross gave a recital at the high school, May the ninth, for the benefit of the piano.
- The Sophomores held a delightful picnic at Congress Springs May 17. They returned by moonlight.
- The Glee Club presented "The Rose Maiden" June 6.
- The Seniors, with Mrs. Farley as chaperon, spent four days camping in the Soquel canyon. The days passed all too quickly with fishing, walking, hunting and the usual camping sports.
- The Junior Farce was a great success this year. The Juniors have a perfect right to be proud of their ability to put on such a splendid farce as "The Manoeuvres of Jane."

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—Scene 1. The river parlor in Lord Bapschids, Chancey court on an October morning.

ACT II.—Scene. Drawing room at Chancey court on an April afternoon, six months later.

ACT III.—Scene 1. Room in the "Magpie" at Southwich at 11 o'clock of the same evening. Scene 2. Miss Dodd's parlor at Pilston-on-the-Sea, at seven o'clock next morning.

ACT IV.—Scene. Drawing room at Chancey court. Same morning. Time—Present.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lord Bapschild.....	DAN YEAGER
Jervis Punshon, his uncle, of the Lodge Chancey	C. TOWNSEND
George Langton.....	WILBUR MITCHELL
Mr. Nangle.....	CHARLES GOODRIDGE
Rev. Prebendary Bostock.....	IRA BEAL
Mr. Pawsey.....	CLAUDE VOLLMAN
Sir Robert Bowater.....	SIBLEY DAWLEY
Butler	MILLARD BERRY
Footman.....	FRED EVANS
Jane Nagle.....	EDNA BEARDSLEY
Constantia Gage.....	MARY RODECK
Mrs. Beechinor, Lady Bapschild's sister	JULIETTE BILLIOU
Pamela Beechinor.....	MARIE BOHRMAN
Lady Bapschild, Lord Bapschild's mother	MARY PHELPS
Mrs. Bostock.....	HOPE LENT
Miss Bostock.....	AUGUST PUTNAM
Miss Dodd.....	ADAH NELSON
Mrs. Pausey	HOPE LENT
Trendell, the maid	ADAH NELSON
Red Pepper, Lord Bapschild's favorite horse.	



JUNIOR FARCE—"THE MANEUVERS OF JANE."



Elon Gerken

Freeman Duncan

Wilbur Mitchell

Mary Phelps

John Wood

Bernice Lloyd

Debating

IN reviewing our debating work of the past year, we, of Campbell, certainly have just reason to be proud. We have debated twice and won each time by a fairly large margin.

The first debate was with Redwood City and was held on November 13th. The question debated was, "Resolved, That free American coast-wise traffic through the Panama Canal is advisable." Our affirmative team was composed of Freeman Duncan, '13, and Mary Phelps, '14, and Wilbur Mitchell, '14, alternate. John Wood, '13, and Elon Gerkin, '15, and Florence Brown, '13, alternate, comprising the negative team. Campbell High School won the debate by 12 points, the final score being 106 for Campbell and 94 in favor of Redwood City.

The debaters were much encouraged by their victory and entered into

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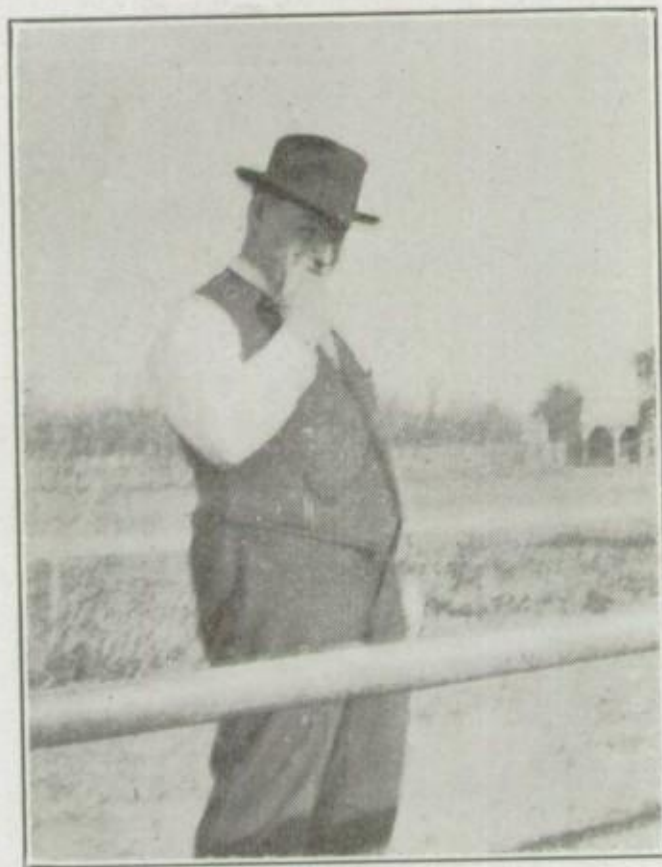
the second debate with a spirit that was not to be denied. This time we debated against Morgan Hill on the evening of the thirteenth of April. John Wood, '13, and Elon Gerkin, '15, with Bernice Lloyd, '15, as alternate, made up the affirmative team, and Freeman Duncan, '13, and Mary Phelps, '14, with Wilbur Mitchell, '14, as alternate, upheld the negative. The debate at Morgan Hill was very close, our negative team winning by only two-thirds of a point, the score being 50 1-3 to 49 2-3. At Campbell, however, our affirmative team won by 3 2-3 points and the score was 51 5-8 to 48 1-8. The total score was 97 5-6 to 102 1-6 in Campbell's favor.

These two victories gave us the highest score in the league, and consequently we received the beautiful silver cup, given by the Delphic Literary Society of the San Jose High School. This cup becomes the permanent possession of the first school which wins it three times. We now have a head start. Let's get to work and win it twice more, Campbellites!

Campbell High has an unusually good record in debating. Since we joined the Santa Clara Valley Debating League four years ago, we have lost but one debate, and that was by less than one-half of a point. Our success is probably due to the splendid backing accorded by the Student body and also to the interest taken by the faculty.

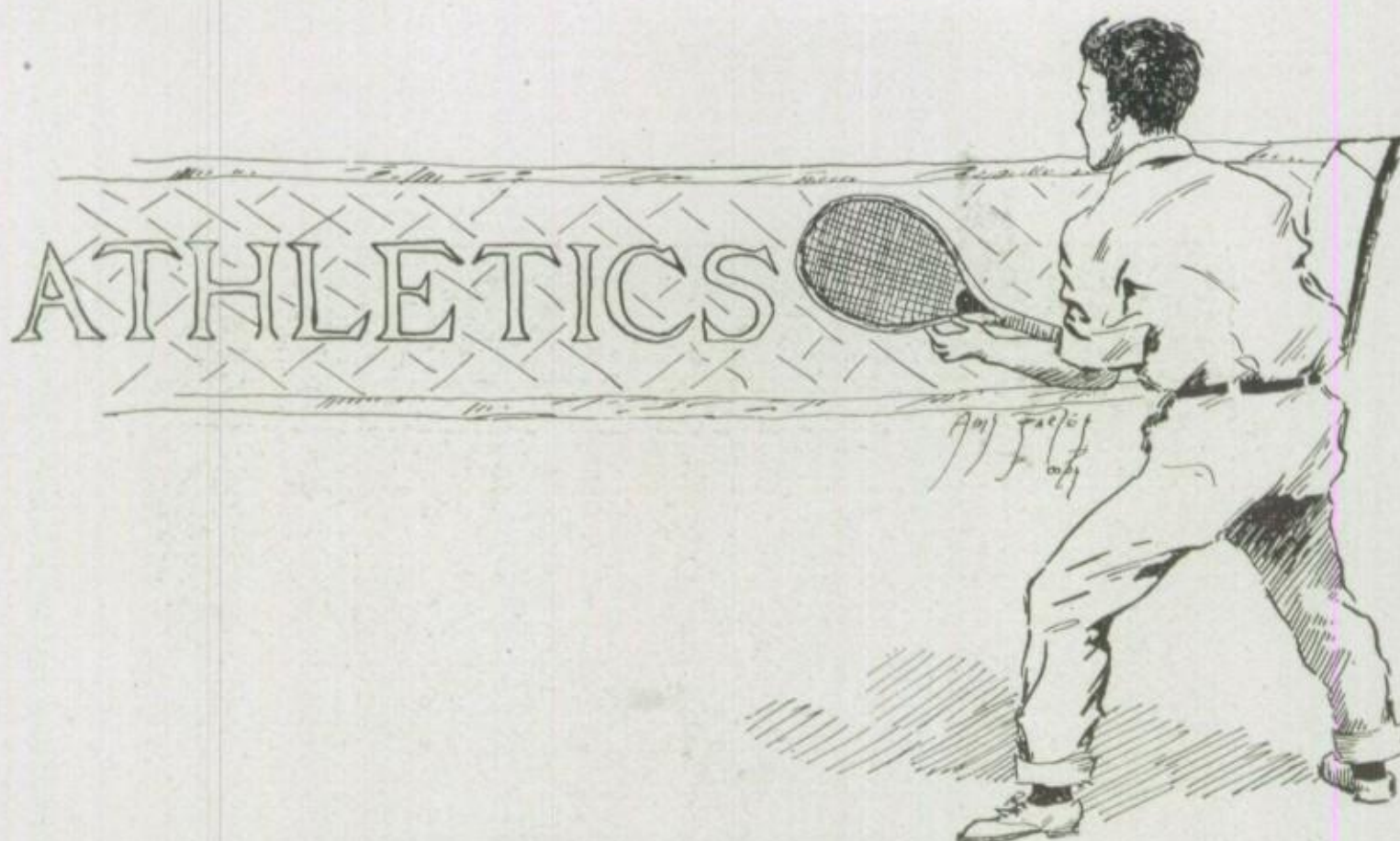
During the past year, Mr. Snow and Miss Moulton have been untiring in their efforts to secure material and assist the teams in every way possible. We have much good material for debaters for next year. Only two of the speakers on the present teams graduate this year, leaving the other two for leaders for next year with the alternates to help them.

Let's keep up our good record of past years and show our friends (and enemies) that in debating we are to be contended with!





BASE BALL TEAM.
Standing—Sibley Dawley, Bob Kennedy, Harry Frembling.
Sitting—Claude Vollman, Barthold, Guttormson, Cecil Kennedy, Herman Freiy-
 schlag, William Ludwig, Frank Stepka.



WE have been fairly successful in athletics this year. Although we did not make a very good showing in track or tennis, this was mostly due to the long basketball and baseball seasons, leaving very little time for other sports.

Basketball

A great deal of interest was taken in basketball the first of the year, and we have had a very long and successful season. The team received a great deal of praise for its teamwork, which was developed under the coaching of Mr. Cramer. They won the I. A. U. championship by defeating Morgan Hill, and also won a handsome cup at the Saratoga Blossom Festival.

Baseball

The boys have made a very creditable showing in base ball this year, although most of the players were lacking in experience. They lost the championship of this section of the A. A. L. by losing a game to San Jose High School by a close score of 3 to 2. They won the I. A. U. championship by defeating Los Gatos in two games out of three. They lost the first game 10 to 4, but won the next two by the scores of 6 to 1 and 11 to 10. Mountain View High forfeited their games with us.

Track

On account of the length of the base ball season and the seeming lack of interest, most of the fellows entered the I. A. U. track meet practically untrained. Cecil Kennedy broke the I. A. U. pole vault record by vaulting 9 feet, 9 inches.

Tennis

Although there is material for a champion tennis team in school, very little interest was taken in this sport this year, so the season in this line has not been a very successful one.



C. U. H. S. BASKET BALL TEAM.

F. Stepka, C. Vollman, R. Kennedy, H. Frembling, J. Fablinger, H. Freyschlag.



COMUS

“THE COMUS,” Zanesville, Ohio. The alumni letter in your April issue was very interesting. Congratulations on winning the debate.

“The Dial,” Battlebow, Vermont. The cover design is neat. You need a few more departments in your paper to make it interesting.

“Orange and Black,” Waterloo, Iowa. Your paper is well arranged, but why omit the table of contents?

“The Tattler,” Walton, N. Y. Your literary department needs enlarging.

“The Skirmisher,” Burlingame, Cal. We are glad to get you. You are an excellent paper, and intensely interesting.

“The Red and Black,” Salt Lake City, Utah. Your various departments show a live school.

“Allegheny Breezes,” Lewisburg, W. Va. A few cuts would add a great deal to your paper.

“The Vexillum,” Boston, Mass. You are a very neat and interesting paper.

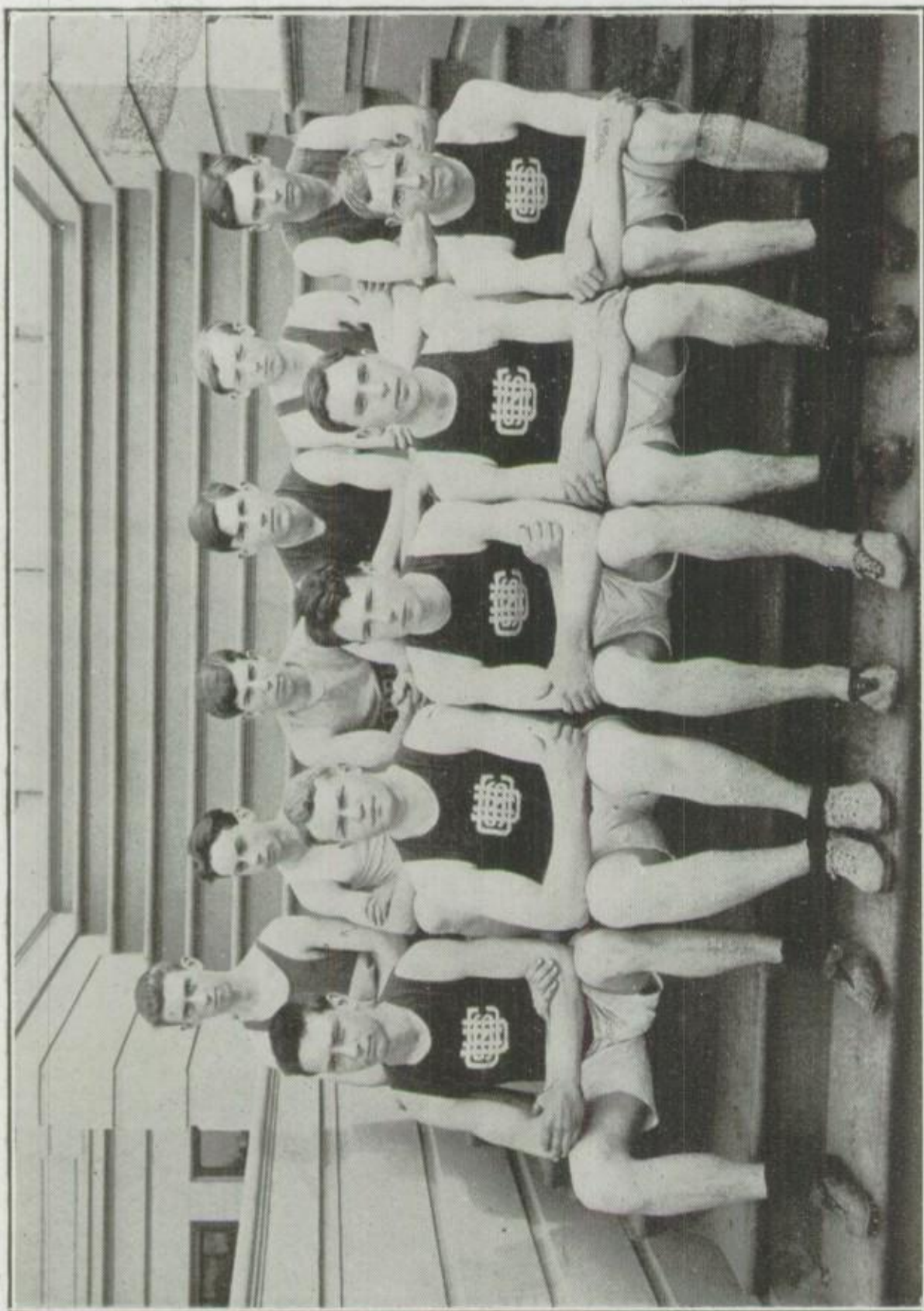
“The Echo,” Nashville, Tenn. We are always glad to get you. Your cuts are good.

“The Wilmerding Life,” San Francisco, Cal. Your well arranged paper is an example for other school papers. The cuts are excellent.

“The Pageant,” St. Marys, W. V. Too bad to spoil the looks of your paper by putting ads in the front.



THE GLEE CLUB.



H. Raines, F. Lopez, L. Lancaster, R. Gardner, M. Berry, C. Kennedy.
J. Fablinger, H. Trembling, B. Kennedy, F. Stepka, H. Freyschlag.



'TO DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY'

M. B.: "I know a lady who had a little bird that hadn't a speck of hair on it!"

* * *

Miss M.: "What is the rule for punctuation in a series of things?"

J. W.: "Oh, there should be a comma every once in a while."

* * *

J. W.: "A good salesman is the fellow who sells you something you don't want."

* * *

Miss M. (criticizing them): "I don't think I ever saw a 'saucy pig.'"

G. C.: "Maybe it meant 'sausage pig'!"

* * *

Miss C.: "Can anyone tell us if the government of San Jose is satisfactory or not?"

J. W.: "Its according to what paper you read!"

* * *

Miss M.: "There's lots in a person's shoes."

F. D. (Sticking out his foot): "Yes!"

* * *

J. B.: "Miss Catton, aren't you thinking of getting married?"

Miss C.: "Goodness no! I'd have started ten years ago if I'd been thinking of that."

* * *

J. B.: "Gee, I hate German. Why doesn't everyone speak the same language?"

R. H.: "Just you wait. Some day we'll all talk Pimiento—no, I mean spaghetti,—or maybe its vermicelli!"

* * *

R. H.: "What makes you giggle all the time?"

M. B.: "Oh, I don't know. I guess I must have Wisteria."

THE ORIOLE

Miss C.: "There are negroes in almost every occupation now."

J. W.: "Except baseball."

* * *

M. B.: "We'll have to have a sewing bee Saturday."

R. H.: "Sewing Bee hanged!"

* * *

ON THE SENIOR TRIP.

F. D. (after water fight): "The water is still dripping from my chin."

G. C.: "No wonder. Just think of all it has to trickle through."

* * *

Z. R. (as the boys who had the guns went home): "Oh, boys, I'm scared! I wish you'd leave the target here tonight."

* * *

R. H.: "Say, Freeman, I'm not ready to be toasted on a pitchfork yet, but I suppose you'll be the one to do it when the times comes."

* * *

F. B. (Telling experiences): "Ira was going to get the mountain lion by the tail while Johnny held its horns."

* * *

If Peanuts fibs is the mountain lion?

* * *

R. H. (Writing up trip): "Now, we'll have to get things condensed."

A. F.: "The cow was the only thing we had condensed."

* * *

Lillian G.: "Why are we going up this hill so fast?"

J. W.: "To keep up with our breath."



J. WOOD
F. DUNCAN

HOROSCOPE FOR 1913

C. SCHOLZ
H. FREYSCHLAG

Name	Nick Name	Raised on	Resulting Appearance	Pastime	Ambition	Consequently Will Be
M. HINCHLFFE...	Skinnye	String beans	Slim	Flunking	To go to College	A Co-ed
Z. RICE.....	Dixie	Cabbage	Green	Copping hist. books	To get the best of Miss Catton	A history teacher
V. PUTNAM.....	Unkie	Peaches	Blushing	Hunting a History book	To be an actress	A star
R. SIMPSON.....	Ruthie	Flowers	Rosy	Smiling	To be a belle	A heart-breaker
A. FARLEY.....	Anna	Sunshine	Bright	Teaching Sunday School	To be a Missionary	Eaten
M. OLIVER.....	Mamo	Motorcycle tires	Tiresome	Doing Nothin', Kid	To be thin	Side show attraction
R. HAYES	Hayes Kid	Lemonade	Sour	Twisting Her nose	To be a nurse	A doctor's wife
A. CARTER.....	Carter	Peacock tongues	Fantastic	Keeping Geneva Company	To run a ranch	A farmer's wife
F. BROWN.....	Peanuts	Shortening	Brief	Rushing The Oriole	To be like Miss Catton	A holy terror
L. GRANDSTROM.	Lee	Hash.	Scrappy	Painting	To be an artist	Poor
G. CURRIER.....	Germea	Mush	Plump	Driving Maud	To be a Schoolma'am	Like the rest of them
L. GARDNER.....	Lily	Pie	Pious	Asking questions,	Search me	Ask her
H. FREYSCHLAG..	Blondy	Baseballs	Batty	Knocking Home-runs	To Join the Bears	A grizzly
F. DUNCAN.....	Dunc	Lady-fingers	Handsome	Queening	To inherit a million	Disappointed
C. SCHOLZ.....	Dutch	Electricity	Shocking	Teaching Chemistry	To be an Electrical Engineer	Famous
J. WOOD.....	Johnny	Angel food	Cherubic	Dreaming	To be a forester	A wood-cutter
A. DUNCAN.....	Grandpa	A derrick	Lofty	Grimming	Hasn't thot of any	A W. C. T. U. Leader

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Am she went and are she gone,
Have she left I all alone,
Can us never go to she
Can her never come to me,

It cannot was!

Am she went and are she gone,
Have she left I all alone,
Oh! Cruel Fate, thout ist unkind,
To take she fore, and leave I hind
—Ex.

L. P. (Reading from "Poetry of the People"): "And his sister's son was he."

F. D.: "Where's my ruffneck?"

Z. R.: "It looks to me as if you had it on."

F. D.: "You can tell the world I'm going to——"

A. F.: "Soqu—el!"

J. W. (Throwing things at R. H.): "You came mighty near getting another slam on your nose, didn't you, Hayes kid?"

Ruth H.: "My lips have been kissed by Charlie's—cherries."

If there was a flood in Santa Cruz would it Soquel.

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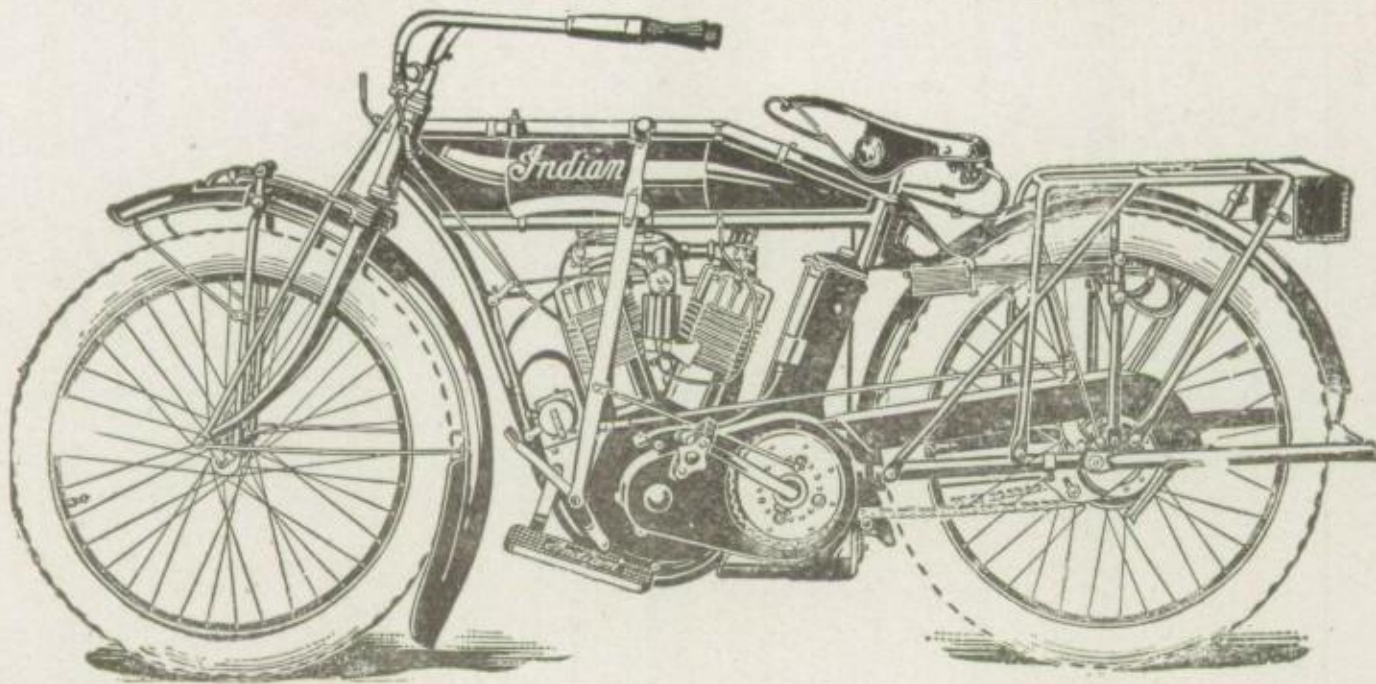
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Prof. S. (Phys. Geo.): "Why is it that after a big earthquake, little
ones always follow?"

Jack S.: "Oh, those are the echoes!"

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M. O.: "Say, Cuba is in the Philippines, isn't it?"

* * *

Carl S., in History IV informed us that United States went over to China.

* * *

Miss M.: "Mr. Scholz, have you anything to say?"

C. S.: "I did, but I can't express it."

Z. R.: "Send it by freight."

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M. O.: "The county surveys for dams!"
Senior (in whisper): "In other words it does some dam surveying."

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E. B.: "I was going to announce that there would be no announcement for the Juniors today!"

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* * *

Irene G. was buying cough tablets.

Druggist: "We sell them by the bulk, how much do you want?"

Irene: "Oh, I guess I'll take a bulk."

* * *

A. F.: "Say, Margaret, I've got a bone to pick with you."

Z. R.: "That's about all you could pick with her."

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F. B. (playing animal game): "I'll be the elephant for the Republicans."

M. B.: "I'll be the Bull Moose."

R. H. (doefully): "Guess there's nothing left for me but the Democratic jackass!"

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Miss C.: "What!!"

A. C.: "Well, when he was king."

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Miss C.: "No, and South America is mostly up, not down—very mountainous country!"

* * *

Miss M. (Eng. III.): "You can pronounce Jaques either 'Ja kuez' or 'Jakes.'"

E. B.: "Oh, why not say jackass and be done with it!"

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